

Halo: Alia Urbem

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Summary: A UNSC squad is sent to a known covenant occupied planet to gather information and sabotage the covenant network. Unfortunately, an alert sangheili Field Marshall named Vrom 'Moramee noticed Captain Morris and the UNSC Morsus and cripples their ship.

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**Prologue**

UNSC Frigate **Morsus**, above **E**xternum  
**M**undum

"Launch all birds and get those ODSs on the ground ASAP, Lieutenant! We're running on little time here!" called Captain Morris to his crew.

"Yes, sir!" replied 1st Lieutenant Gienman, the on-board communications officer.

"Sir, incoming transmission! It's from the planet." 2nd Lieutenant Hullson chimed in with his thick Indian accent.

"Put it on the main display." immediately the large view screen that gave the Captain panoramic vision was filled with the purple color of the covenant's favorite alloy. In the center, sitting on a command chair was a Sangheili Field Marshall, looking intently at the Captain. He clicked his lower mandibles. Every eye on the bridge focused on Vrom 'Moramee.

Suddenly the rough voice of a covenant translation device echoed over the speakers hung throughout the command bridge, "Greetings Captain. Please don't be alarmed. I only want something of yours."

"What could that be? We both know you want us dead!" boomed

Morris.

"I'll let you slide by if you send a UNSC transceiver to the surface. It is your only choice Captain." The sangheili's voice rang.

"The birds just flew the coop, Captain." Gienman spoke.

"MAC and slip, now!" the Captain's voice hung in the air.

"Aye!" responded his crew. Two MAC blasts hit Vrom's command center, creating crippling holes in its shield generators.

Vrom's mandible's opened wide, showing his many sharp teeth. His unaltered cry burst through the speakers and paralyzed Captain Morris in his chair. The last image of Vrom the officers saw was his hard fist smashing his command console.

"Clip them!" screamed Vrom 'Moramee at his shipmates.

An ark of plasma reached and cut a hole through the center hull of \_Morsus\_, vaporizing its nuclear reactor. He gripped his chair until holes were bore into its arms, until he was satisfied with the large vessel falling into the atmosphere, soon to hit the surface and be destroyed. Confident he had repelled the UNSC invasion of his planet, Externum Mundum, the officer gave the order for repairs and prepared a search and destroy team for the investigation of the crash site.

End  
file.